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FRIGGA.

FROM "BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL."

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

GREAT Mother-Heart, one with infinity,
And old when stars were young,
Though all the gods together sang of thee,
The best were still unsung.

The surge of myriad seas is in thy veins.
Thy rhythmic pulses beat
Harmonious with Heaven's eternal strains.
Its winds are in thy feet.

Ruthless as Fate thou art; a fierce typhoon
When worlds thy path defy;
Yet tender as the touch of summer moon
Where sleeping lilies lie.

Oh, love transcendent, vast as breadth and length
Of space beyond the spheres,
And mighty with the garnered grace and strength
Of all the mingled years!

As o'er the land 'twixt widest east and west
The wings of Day are spread,
So life lies folded to thine ample breast,
Nourished and comforted.

FRIGGA'S DIRGE.

FROM "BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL."

WEEP, weep for Baldur dead!
For light, for beauty sped!
For fairness from all fair things fled!
Gone is our summer with its flush of flowers,
 Its purpled plains,
 Its sunset stains.
Gone are its brooks, that babbled in green bowers,
Its misted dawns, its scented dews and showers,
 Its rainbowed rains—
The glory of its golden hours
 Endarkened wholly.
Gone, gone our light of life and love!
No more the iris-breasted dove,
Melodiously melancholy,
Croons o'er its plaint within the curtained grove.
No daring wing the distance cleaves.
No moth its gossamer shroud unweaves.
No wind-awakened, lisp'ing leaves
Whisper their pleasure o'er and o'er
As Day unbars her lattice door,
Night swooning at her knee;
No more the sunbeam's glittering ball
Rebounds from silver shield and wall,
Drops from the dome o'er Gimli's Hall,
Or flashes from the sea.
No more! no more!